

THE
Johnson Journal



April, 1929

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. VI A

APRIL

NO. 3

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EDITORIAL



Spring is here, and the wild flowers will soon be in bloom. Everybody is looking forward to the days when hills and valleys will be covered with beautiful wild flowers. But, little do they realize that some plants that blossomed last spring may never blossom again. It is very hard for us to think that little by little the wild flowers are disappearing, for we love them very much, and would hate to be without them. Yet, it is true that, even though we are very fond of these flowers, we are the ones that are causing them to die out gradually until they will be gone forever. Carelessness plays a major part in this destruction. People do not realize the harm they are doing when they strip roadsides; pick the wild flowers by their roots; gather all that are found in one place, including those that do not last after they are picked.

To begin with, people driving or walking along a roadside should refrain from picking all the flowers that can be found

there. We admit, it is a great temptation, when passing by a beautiful bunch of wild flowers, to carry home with us a large bouquet of them. But this stripping of the roadside may cause certain flowers to be destroyed, and we would not want this to happen. That is why we should prevent ourselves from picking all that grow there.

Again, we must be very careful how we pick these flowers; for some of them have very firm stems, and if these stems are not cut, then we are liable to pull the roots from the ground. This harms the flowers very much, for if all the roots are pulled up, then no flowers will grow in their place again.

Another thing that we must refrain from doing is gathering all the flowers that are found in one spot. Some flowers grow from the seed that they drop in the fall of the year, and if they are all taken away, then no seed is embedded in the earth to produce the same flower the next year.

Lastly, people ought to stop this unnecessary picking of wild flowers. There are flowers growing that last but a few minutes when cut or pulled. It is especially these flowers that we must prevent ourselves from picking. People see some that are beautiful, and heedless of the harm they are doing, immediately pick themselves a nice bunch. But, these flowers may be the kind that do not last, and before they reach home, the flowers are dead, gaining nothing to the one who picked them. Now if these flowers had been left, then people could have come to that spot, where they grew, and admire them as much as they wanted, but, as it is, the flowers are dead, and on the spot where they were picked, probably the same flower will never again grow.

M. E. M.

The death of Florence Phelan, '31, causes much sorrow among the members of Johnson High. She was a faithful member, loved by all her friends and honored by all who knew her.



LITERARY



CONCERNING TROLLEY CARS

The aforementioned means of conveyance is a noisy, rather large vehicle that runs on two rails and a wire affair. If you are a motorist you know it as the thing you are forced to stop

every half block for. If you are a pedestrian, or rather, I should say, a trolley-car-rider you know it as the thing that stops two blocks before your waiting place and when you have traversed those two blocks in time that would put Nurmi to shame, and are on the heels of the thing, it groans, jerks, and continues its nonchalant way without you. It is almost invariably painted a hideous shade of yellow and the windows are barred to prevent passengers from casting themselves out in despair.

Everyone has his own particular way of catching this inanimate demon of our mechanical age so I will endeavor to describe but one method. First, find a telegraph pole that is disfigured with a white bracelet; this is not to keep the bugs down but to indicate that trolley cars sometimes pass here and have actually been known to stop on this particular spot. It is a good precaution to ask some fellow sufferer how often the cars pass. He may shoot you in your tracks because you look like the man who delivered his income tax, but if you escape alive and he replies, "Every ten minutes", why, bring your lunch and a couple of pillows. It is sure to be a cold day and you will be literally frozen before you eventually see, on the horizon, the yellow spot that takes perhaps half an hour to materialize into the object of your wait. You will be confident of boarding it, for it appears to stop every six feet. Pick up your pillows, throw away your lunch box, and plant yourself in the middle of the street. You will be forced to dodge perhaps six or eight automobiles. By this time the trolley car has reached you. The conductor, without stopping his vehicle, eyes you coldly and steps on the gas, or electricity, or whatever it is that makes trolley cars go. Vainly you shout and wave your arms but the car rapidly becomes a speck in the distance. Expect this to happen no less than six times in your three-hour wait. When finally a conductor forgets himself and stops, leap the three-foot steps and hit for the interior. The only empty seat is at the back of the car and as you are about half way to it, the trolley jerks and you are tossed on your face. Crimson with mortification, you flounder about, scramble to your feet, and stagger the rest of the distance. Another jerk throws you into your seat. The conductor has remembered himself; with murder in his eyes he advances on you and howls, "Fare!" Eager to reinstate yourself, you fish through your pockets. Under his bloodthirsty glance you are forced to confess you have no dime. Then your fingers close on a bill. With an attempt at a smile you draw it forth; it proves to be a twenty. Your captor eyes it contemptuously, then suspiciously to make certain that it is no counterfeit. Assured as to its worth but still contemptuous he gives you your change, mostly in dimes, and leaves you to your misery. At the next stop an anaemic-looking female gets on wearing that most stupid expression that is peculiar to

humans on trolley cars. Gallantly and awkwardly you arise and for the rest of your journey hang for dear life onto a strap that is all the tortures of medieval times condensed.

And so, if you would preserve your equilibrium, your intelligence, your self-respect, your girlish figure and your dime, why, by all means, walk!

E. H. '30

AIR CASTLES

Dolores Dawson had always been a dreamer. Ever since she had been a very small girl her imagination had worked busily. The building of air castles was her only recreation. Since she was the oldest of the three children whose parents were killed in a railroad accident when Dolores was fifteen years of age, she was forced to work in order to maintain her younger brother and sister. They were strangers in the large city, therefore they had no friends to turn to.

For a year and a half she worked as assistant to a dish washer in a large restaurant. Later, with the aid of the little money she managed to save from her meagre salary, she took up the commercial course in a night school. Besides being a dreamer, Dolores was a bright pupil. Soon after the completion of her course she became the secretary of Mr. Toye, an elderly attorney.

Once more Dolores was able to take up her train of thoughts which were so abruptly cut off four years ago. Through her work she came in contact with all classes of people, but mostly of the wealthier class. Dolores did not envy these people. In fact she rather pitied them. She believed that they did not have the pleasure of building air castles, since almost every wish of theirs was granted.

One balmy spring day Dolores sat before her desk with a far-away look in her large, dreamy eyes. The soft breezes coming in through the open window did not disturb her in the least. Her thoughts were in distant lands. Now she was sailing in a large steamer for Paris; now she was intently watching the manoeuvres of the Russian Cossacks; now she was witnessing a bullfight in Madrid; now she was gliding along in a gondola in Venice; now she was riding a slow-moving, swaying camel over the burning sands of the Sahara; now she was enjoying the winter sports in Switzerland; now——

The shrill ringing of a bell shattered all the air castles suddenly. Dolores quickly jumped up, gathered her pencils and notebook, and went into the private office of Mr. Toye. As soon as she entered, she was greeted by the broad smile of her congenial employer, and unknown to Dolores, an old friend of her father,

"Well, Miss Dawson, I suppose you were again taking another journey into the Land of Dreams? At last I hope your dreams may be fulfilled. You see, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were killed, I have been trying to locate their children, who seemed to have been swallowed by the earth. I was unsuccessful until a few days ago.

"You know I never thought of asking you to tell me about yourself. The other day while you were taking dictation you reminded me very much of somebody I used to know. As soon as I knew who it was, I began to investigate once more.

"I shall not keep you in suspense any longer. To make a long story short, your father appointed me, in his will, as your lawful guardian. Therefore, from now on you and your brother and sister shall be my children. Your father left only a small amount of money, so there are no strings tied to it. You may do as you please with your money, and I may do as I please with my money. I shall do my best to make the children of my old pal happy."

At last Dolores is traveling and seeing things, but she maintains that in a few cases she was disappointed, for her dreams were more beautiful than the reality.

J. J. '29

THE HUNTING SONG

A great many people think of horses and bugles and barking dogs when they hear the term, "The Hunting Song." I, too, am reminded of such things, though the Hunting Song known best to me and to a great many others like me, I imagine, is "Where did I put that pencil?" or what ever it may be that is lost. Hunting seems to be rather a sport to some folks. I noticed this especially one afternoon at a summer resort in the mountains while I was on my vacation.

I was rocking slowly back and forth, gazing at the wonderful view. It really rests one if one knows that there is nothing to do but sit and look at scenery and perhaps read a little. I shut my eyes and smiled peacefully, but my rest and repose were not for long. Just as I was drawing a long sigh of contentment a young cyclone swept onto the porch. The hunting song burst loud and clear from his lips, "Where is my brush?" No one knew, everyone looked, and the hunt was on. A large red-faced man came panting and puffing up the steps. "Watcha lost?" he gasped between pants. The man-of-the-brush, who was an artist as I found out later, scowled darkly upon him, and kept right on with his work of turning over chairs and tables, scattering books here, there, and everywhere, and, in other words, calling the hounds to the hunt. They came running. I didn't know there were so many people staying there but the hunt showed them up. They

actually poured from the doors and windows and a traffic policeman that was taking his vacation here, was frantically bellowing directions. Those who did not come out shouted advice from their windows.

A little fat man, stuffed with good intentions probably, got stuck under a table, and a strong but not silent woman suffrage worker got covered with dust and cobwebs while looking under the porch.

A meek, thin man came hurrying up to the artist and said, "Please sir——." But one glance from the excited hunter properly squelched him, and he just blinked and gulped.

Here surely one thinks of a regular fox hunt. The call is very evident. One could not mistake the hounds, and though horses there were not, these humans took up more room and made more noise and confusion than twice their number in horses would. Oh it is a rare sight and one I should hate to miss.

Soon those that had not fallen down the steps, off the piazza rail, or bumped their heads on something or someone, had fallen exhausted from the hunt. The woman speaker was trying to locate the dirt on her cheek from the little fat man's directions and everyone else was nursing his bumps and bruises, when again the meek man piped up. Everyone was exhausted and couldn't be bothered to tell him to "pipe down" so he had the floor to himself. "Er-Mister Jones, er-I thought I wouldn't mention it while you were so busy, but, er, -your brush is in the left pocket of your suit coat. See it?"

Mr. Jones looked. So did everyone else. They paused for a few minutes, apparently thinking over their work of the last few minutes, then they acted. Where there was a hunt before there was a riot now. This looked too jolly and I could not resist. so I fell to with the rest of them.

R. B. '32.

TROUT FISHING

The 1929 fishing season for Brook Trout will open on April 15, and after school on that day I will be seen wading along a trout stream in quest of a wily trout—Maybe! (If there isn't too much homework.) The stream is located in the wilds of West Boxford where no man has ever trod. Along the banks the lofty pines are moving in the gentle April breeze. I see a swirl in the sluggish current and a speckled trout of great weight rises to the Red Ibis. Following the strike a short battle back and forth among the hidden rocks and snags is fought, and if luck is with me, a fine specimen of brook trout is carefully laid in my creel alongside of a dozen or more speckled beauties.

Again I whip the fly into the current and start wading down the stream. As the fly sweeps close to where some pussy-willows

are leaning in the water, there is a slight splash and I lead a three inch trout into my hand, where the hook is carefully removed and the fish returned to its native element.

Where the stream joins a swiftly racing brook I stop and count my catch in the shade of a friendly pine, for it is now quite warm. There are twenty-four trout ranging from nine to twelve and one-half inches. One more and I will have the limit.

As I cast out again the sun is setting over the hill and the purple shadows are growing longer and darker. A savage strike, a short battle, and I store a prize beauty away with the rest. The day is ending, I am on my way home with the limit—a full creel. (As I said before “Maybe”.)

G. B. '32.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

On Thursday evening, January the thirty-first, it was my privilege to hear Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink sing in the George Washington Memorial Hall at Andover.

Madame Schumann-Heink sang many old favorites—in German, French, Italian, and English. Naturally, I preferred those in English, for I understood them better. Those, I particularly enjoyed were—Joyce Kilmer's poem—“Trees”, which has been set to music by Oscar Rasbach, the “Kerry Dance” by J. L. Malloy, and “Dawn in the Desert” by Gertrude Ross.

Madame Schumann-Heink made all feel at ease because she revealed her charming personality. Between songs she talked with the audience and especially asked them to remember the soldier boys who fought in the World War and who are now in hospitals. As an encore she sang “Danny Boy”, the soldier's best-liked song during the war. It seemed to me that she had an unusually gracious smile when she looked down at the Phillips Andover Academy boys in the front rows.

Since Madame Schumann-Heink was the first artist whom I have ever heard sing, that evening's concert will long be remembered.

M. E. G. '29.

DREAMING

One dreams of things that are so queer,
Of the days gone by,
Of the days to come,
Of the days that are nowhere near.

We dream of things past all measure,
Of the joys of life
Of the sorrows too,
But mostly the things we treasure.

R. J. S. '31.

SEAGULLS

As the sun comes up in the morning;
Seagulls take to the air
And silently skim o'er the ocean's brim;
In search of fish that are there.

Braving the storms of a rock-bound coast,
Circling above the foam;
Or riding at rest on the ocean's breast
Here the gull finds its native home.

They wing their way at the close of day
Across the dark blue sea,
And, as the shadows fall I hear their call
Come floating back to me.

P. D. '31.

LITTLE MISS READ-ME-THIS

Nursery lights are aglow,
With little feet toddling to and fro,
And big big Bruddy
Sitting in a chair ever so low.

"Read me this, Bruddy dear,"
Says Little Miss Read-Me-This.
So away through fairyland they go
And at the Green Pastures call.

Peter Rabbit comes hopping by,
And three little Pigs make a visit.
The little Gingerbread Boy peeps in,
While the little Lamb goes to school.

But old Uncle Moon peeks in the window
To see Little Miss Read-Me-This
Mount the Magic Carpet fair,
And away to Dream land sail.

G. M. C. '31.

The Journal publishes with great pleasure this letter from Miss Hawkes of the class of 1928, who is spending this year in Italy.

ROME

It would be easy to write a lengthy description of all I have seen and done in Rome, but, beside being much too long, it would be very tedious. To pick out certain distinctly Italian mental pictures will give much pleasanter reading.

We are at the station in Florence hurrying up and down the platform behind our little "facchino", who is endeavoring, without much success, to find the compartment reserved for us. After being unceremoniously shown out of the wrong compartment once or twice, we finally find the right one. In America there would be no such frantic search, for here the trains are all divided into separate compartments, each accommodating eight people. On one side is a door from which you enter or leave the train, on the other is a door which gives onto a narrow corridor extending the entire length of the car, with either one exit in the middle or one at each end. As we are fortunate enough to have a compartment reserved entirely for ourselves we shut the door leading into the passageway in order to enjoy the trip in peace, at least as much as possible. As we wait impatiently to be on our way we hear a faint whistle, like that of a child's tiny horn. Leaning out of the window to satisfy our curiosity, I see the tin horn just as I expect, but instead of a child, there stands the conductor tooting the silly little thing to the engineer, as if he were a trumpeter in a band, and lo! the train moves off.

Arrived at the station in Rome we hire a one-horse carriage to take us to the hotel (a taxi is much too modern). On the way we gather our first impressions of Imperial Rome and I realize that the city is unlike my imagination of it. In comparison with the smaller Florence with its very narrow streets, no sidewalks worth mentioning, and carriages the predominating vehicle, I was naturally surprised to find Rome so enormous, with wide, well-paved streets, broad sidewalks and much busier. I did not expect Rome to be a mass of ruins, but neither did I want to find it so entirely modern and cosmopolitan.

Just before we reach the hotel we pass a very gaily colored cart drawn by one horse, which has red tassels beside its ears, an old net over its back and a crimson pompom resembling a feather duster, sticking straight up between its ears. The cart itself is two-wheeled, of bright red, and it is piled high with small wine casks. At one side of the driver's seat is a huge blue hood which serves as a protection to the poor wine seller who has to leave his farm at sundown and often travels all night in order to arrive in Rome early enough in the morning for the market hour. The same canopy does double duty, for on the homeward trip in the afternoon it acts as sunshade against the blistering heat or umbrella against torrential downpours, as the need may be.

In this Holy City we see more touching evidences of real and living faith than can be imagined at home. We enter what might be a very small chapel, for instance, and there directly in front of us are twenty-four steps which are said to have been trod by Christ on his way to Pontius Pilate and His condemnation. These steps are now covered with wood except for occasional openings

where the stone is exposed to the faithful who are reverently and devoutly ascending on their knees to the altar at the top, stopping on each stair to kiss the exposed stone, or to send up some special petition for themselves or their loved ones. One may go up these stairs only on his knees, but on either side there is another flight where the less devout may go up to what we may call the "holy of holies".

From here let me take you to what is perhaps the most active of any place in Rome, the Piazza di Spagna. This square is the center for Americans and English people and away from it leads the broad and high flight of some hundred and fifty steps, called the Spanish Stairs, which bring you up on to the Pincian Hill, one of the old seven hills of Rome. In the square itself and on the stairs there is constant passing to and fro, groups of red-robed priests, cardinals with their large crimson hats and the more sombrely vested priests, some in brown, some in black and others in cream-colored habit. At the foot of the stairs is the most important flower market which is never without a profusion of gay colors. Formerly artists' models used to sit here waiting to be chosen by some painter as the subject for some picture we may love today. From the top of the stairs, or a little beyond we can look out over the whole of the city and especially the all-powerful St. Peter's stands out for our admiration.

Still a little further along we come to the Borghese Gardens, the most popular promenade of the Romans, a park of some hundreds of acres,—large, yes, but conveniently near the center of the city. Here we drive slowly, enjoying, with all of Rome, the beauty of the day in this most beautiful of spots. Here aristocrats mingle with the common people so that there seems less difference of rank than elsewhere; only beauty prevails, beautiful statues, fountains, trees, shrubbery and flower beds. Here, too, is one of the two famous clocks which has been running constantly driven by water power for some three hundred years. We find a Punch and Judy show which furnishes amusement to many. After driving for an hour or two we stop for tea at one of the delightful outdoor restaurants, where from our table we watch "the world" go by.

As a fitting climax to our all-too-short stay in Rome we climb the seven hundred steps to the cupola of St. Peter's, where we have at one glance a most glorious view of the whole city, with the Tiber winding majestically through it. Here we see that art is universal, for the dome was built after the model of our beautiful one by Brunelleschi on the Florence cathedral, and together they have been the inspiration for architects all over the world, more especially for our own lovely Capitol in Washington.

SCHOOL NEWS *and* NOTES

Recently we had the pleasure of hearing President Eames of Lowell Textile Institute speak to the student body. He stressed the necessity of the thorough study of English, history, foreign languages, drawing, and other subjects which seemed to have no connection in relation to engineering.

An invitation has recently been sent to the upper class men to inspect the school.

On Friday evening, April 5, the members of Johnson High School observed "Faculty Night". This took the place of the annual Stunt Night. Mr. Baird was obtained as a "gay deceiver". He entertained with many clever magical tricks.

Dancing was enjoyed from 9.30 to 11.00. The Balmorians played for the dancing.

M. B. '30.

A number of weeks ago a group of Senior boys had the pleasure of attending a lecture on "High Voltage in Electricity" at Harvard University. The lecture which was an illustrated one was given by Professor C. L. Dawes. Many things were illustrated on the screen, among them the way electricity was transmitted throughout the country from the gigantic power plants. The talk was a most interesting one and we all felt repaid for our trip. The boys who made the trip were: John Thompson, David Sellars, Douglas Neill, Robert Graham, and Clifford Gillespie.

The upper classmen who knew Nelson Smith, a J. S. H. graduate, were sorry to hear of his death. While he attended Johnson, he was a most pleasant and conscientious student.

"Come out of the Kitchen", was the play at Johnson High School this year for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and was given April 26.

The cast was as follows:

Olivia Dangerfield
Elizabeth Dangerfield
Mrs. Faulkner
Cora Faulkner
Amanda
Burton Crane

Elsie Hargraves
Winifred Fitzgerald
Anna Costello
Blanche Greenwood
Erika Leonard
Charles Stillwell

Thomas Lefferts
 Solon Tucker
 Paul Dangerfield
 Charles Dangerfield
 Randolph Weeks

Clifford Gillespie
 Malcolm Choate
 Austin Fletcher
 Robert Rockwell
 Samuel Osgood

The play is centered about a Southern family obliged to rent their house to a Northern family. The children of the Southern family who act as the servants to the Northern family present the background well.

The student body and the townspeople generously supported the play.



ATHLETICS



Both of Johnson's basketball teams have closed a very successful season. The girls were the runners-up in the suburban championship, being defeated by the Punchard girls in a close game. The boys' team took two second places, one in the Suburban league, being defeated by Methuen, another in the Lowell Suburban league, being defeated by the Westford team.

The team leader for the coming season is Charlotte Broderick, captain for the second time.

Mr. Hayes has called his baseball material out for practice. With the five veterans, thirty-five candidates reported. The pilot of this year's nine is Thomas Donlan.

Mr. Hayes established a class league, giving all candidates a chance to play ball. The Sophomore class won the inter-class championship. About twenty men survived the first cut; the second cut will pick the team. The prospects for a good team are very bright.



EXCHANGES



The Blue and White, Methuen, Mass.

Lawrencian, Lawrence, Mass.

The Alligator, Ware, Mass.

The Breeze, West Newbury, Mass.

Red and White, Essex County Agriculture School

High Life, Littleton, Mass.
 Red and White, Sanford, Maine
 Live Wire, Groveland, Mass.
 The Massachusetts Collegian, Amherst, Mass.
 The Ray, Woodbury High School
 The Jamaco, Merrimac, Mass.
 Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Boston, Mass.



JOKES



SELECTED FROM OUR FLOWER CATALOGUE

Love-lies-bleeding	Donald Neville
Scotch thistle	Marian Glennie
Phlox	The freshmen
Freckled lily	Cunningham
Century plant	Post graduates
Bachelor button	Ralph Stork
Orange Blossoms	Misses Lang, Cutler, and Haven
Rose blush	Charles Stillwell
Four-o'clock	Ed. Galaher
Innocent	Donald Neil
Morning Glory	Assembly
Snap-dragon	Ruth Perley
Wandering Jew	Doug Neil
Poison Ivy	Monthly exams
For-get-me-not	Malcolm Choate

Mr. Hayes:—"I'd like a nice birthday present for my little boy. He likes something to blow."

Clerk:—"How about a handkerchief?"

Stork:—"Kelley, do you know what A. D. on the corner of that building stands for?"

Kelley:—"I sure do, boy, it stands for 'All Done'."

Autoist (who had just driven over a pedestrian):—"Pardon me, but haven't I run across your face before?"

MacAvoy:—"No, begorra, it was my left leg ye hit last time."

Miss Cook:—"State what you know about La Salle and De Soto."

Neil:—"They make automobiles."

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